

The Tragedy of Hamlet

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowae, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while;
And in this barba world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? *A march a farre off.*

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young *Fortinbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
Th' embassidors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O! die *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,
But I do prophesie the election lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th' occurants more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hlra. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet Prince,
And flight of Angels singe thee to thy rest.
Why dooes the drumme come hether?

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors.

Fortin. Where is this fight?

Hlra. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So blondily hast strooke?

Embaf. The fight is disinnall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfilled,
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldenstirne* are dead,
Where should wee haue our thanks?

Hlra. Not from his mouth
Had it th' ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since to iump vpon this bloody question

FINIS OF THE TRAGEDY.

You from the *Pollock* warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let mee speake, to th' yet vnknowing wor ld
How these things came about; so shall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this vp shot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the inuenters heads: all this can I
Truely deliuer.

Fort. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.

Hlra. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will draw no more,
But let this same be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued most royall; and for his passage,
The souldiers musique and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere shoues much amisse.
Goe bid the souldiers shoote.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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